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IN MEMORIAM.

M. Eledice Darrow Paddock.

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**WAUWATOSA, WIS., JUNE 15TH, 1856.**

**LEADVILLE, COLO., SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1896.**



Taken in 1878, when teaching, at Lombard, Ill.

## A LIFE OF LOVING SERVICE.

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ON a bright June morning, in a pretty cottage at Wauwatosa, Wis., a sweet baby girl came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Darrow.

For fourteen years she lived in the home where she was born. She not only grew in stature, but in loveliness of character as well. For one of her years, she was remarkable in many ways. Her sunny disposition made her a favorite both at home and at school. She had an unusual taste for music, and played the piano when very young with surprising skill and accuracy. In her home she was her mother's main helper, and cared for the household duties with a fidelity unusual in one so young.

Her education, commenced in the public school of her native village, was completed in Chicago. She chose teaching as her profession, and taught first in Illinois, then, with great acceptance, in Manitou, Colo. In the latter place, especially, she became very active in all forms of Christian work. She was organist and chorister, had a class in Sunday-school, was the moving spirit in church socials, and an enthusiastic leader in other departments of church life and work. During her winter vacation in 1880-81, she went to Leadville, Colo., to assist the infant church there in an "Old Folks' Concert." Her singing, and especially her piano playing, were much enjoyed by all the people, and her earnest expressions of interest in the difficult

mission work of the mining community quite won the heart of the missionary in charge of that field. She had often laughingly remarked that she would never marry a minister, certainly not a home missionary ; but in October, 1882, she changed her mind, and was married to a minister, who was also a home missionary.

The first years of her married life, however, were not spent on home missionary ground, but in a most delightful country parish at Providence, Ill. It would be impossible for a pastor's wife to be loved more devotedly by all the people of the parish than was Mrs. Paddock in her happy Providence home. Stern duty seemed to call her husband to a very needy and difficult mission field. With that willing surrender of all personal considerations of ease and comfort which characterized her whole life, she left the home and the people she loved so well without one word of complaint, and entered with great earnestness into the work of the new and difficult mission field.

Two years of severest toil were spent on this field, during which time two churches were organized and two church buildings erected. From this field her husband was called to serve as state evangelist for two years, and Mrs. Paddock had no home of her own, but lived most of the time with her mother in Englewood, Ill.

From Illinois the family moved to Denver, Colo., and for nearly three years Mrs. Paddock gave her time and strength to her home duties and to the work of the West Denver Church. Although she cared for her family at home almost entirely without help, she managed to find time for a vast amount of church work. She had hoped that Denver might be her per-



manent home, but it was not to be so, for her husband decided to go into a new mission field on the frontier in Idaho. For nearly a year Mrs. Paddock was again alone with her children, while her missionary husband was organizing and building a new church in Idaho. In 1893 she went to Idaho, and there labored far beyond her strength to advance the Saviour's kingdom. Here, as elsewhere, she divided her time and strength between her home duties and the varied work of the church.

It was painfully evident to her husband and to her friends that the great physical and nervous strain to which she was subjecting herself could not long be endured. When told that she must not work so hard, that she would soon break down under her heavy burdens, she would always say: "It can not be helped; the work *must* be done, and I can not be happy unless I am busy."

In the summer of 1896, she was persuaded to make an extended visit to the home of her childhood in Wauwatosa, and Chicago. She was accompanied by her three children. She seemed to enjoy her visit very much indeed, and her friends hoped she had regained her strength, in some degree, at least. Her husband planned to have her remain east during the winter, as he was to be east in the interest of Weiser Academy for several months. At first she seemed inclined to acquiesce in this plan, but at length she was persuaded that it was her duty to return to Weiser, to push forward the academy work as best she could, and to care for the parish as well while her husband was absent. On her way to Weiser, she visited friends in Denver, then went to Leadville to visit her husband's

relatives. She seemed to enjoy her visit here, but on the morning of the day she was to start for home she was seized with that dread disease, typhoid pneumonia. In a little less than four days, death came to relieve her of her sufferings.

Strange, that in this "city of the clouds," where fifteen years before she had met the man she married, she was to die. Three children are left with her husband to mourn her untimely death. Three others, who died in infancy, were waiting for her as she passed to the other shore.

Mrs. Paddock's life was in the best sense of the term a "living sacrifice." She loved congenial and cultured society; she delighted in books and music. No one could appreciate and enjoy an elegant home with luxurious surroundings more than she; yet all these were set aside in her zeal to serve others, and to extend Christ's kingdom on the earth. No doubt her precious life was shortened many years by her severe and unselfish toil with head and heart and hand for her family, her friends and her church, and yet few Christian workers have accomplished more in a much longer life.

As a wife and mother, she was most devoted and faithful; ever forgetful of herself, she sought continually to promote the happiness of her family. In all the difficult and varied work of the parish, she took an intelligent interest; her judgment of people and plans for work was singularly accurate and safe. To her wise counsel, gentle and pertinent suggestions, her husband owes most of whatever success he has achieved in his missionary work. No pastor could have a more loyal and loving "helpmeet." Her chil-

dren were so won by her tender mother-love that her very look was law to them. The words of the "wise man" were surely applicable to her: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." In all departments of church work she was most efficient. Her presence at all the varied social gatherings of the church was both an inspiration and a benediction. That one so capable should be taken away so suddenly and so soon, when the greater work of her life seemed but just begun, will remain a cause of deep sorrow and surprise until our Father has gathered all His children home, and then reveals to them the mysteries of His love. Very soon after the sad news of Mrs. Paddock's death reached her friends, messages of loving sympathy began to pour in upon her heart-broken family and near relatives. Scores of letters were received, and the sorrow of her departure was shared by multitudes of her friends. Extracts from a few of these are presented herewith.

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(To Mrs. Paddock's mother, from her sister.)

MY DEAR SISTER CARRIE:

Words seem too poor and weak for such a time as this, when a life so dear and precious has suddenly departed, and although we know that her eyes have opened in paradise, and are sure that "to depart and be with Christ is far better," the earth side reveals only broken hopes and desolated hearts. But O, my sister; thank God for the precious life so nobly lived. Shall we not gather up the fragrance of that noble life, so womanly and so consecrated, and gird ourselves for better lives for our dear Lord whom she loved?

(From the President of Mt. Holyoke College.)

DEAR MR. PADDOCK :

That your beloved wife should be torn from your side and from the dear children in the beauty of her young life, is one of the mysterious events we can not explain. It is a comfort that we need not seek any explanation ; for divine love is divine wisdom. She knows now what we do not, the close relation of her death to the work in Weiser, in the church and academy, as well as its meaning for the loved ones at home. If we might only know, too, the heavenly side, it would solace us, may be. It does still the aching heart to think of the blessedness, the perfect rest and peace of our beloved in the presence of the Master. Sin and death forever behind, and the fulness of joy increasingly before. You have been richly blessed in her life, so given to you and your work. How beautiful she must have been in every relation—wife, mother, and Christian worker! The letters she wrote us in response to our little gifts were charming. They made us long to know her better, so bright and fresh, so earnest and strong her spirit seemed.

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(From a childhood friend.)

Eledice was very dear to me, and it was all too evident to me when I met her last summer that she had been over-strained, not only in body, but in spirit. She loved her work very dearly. The more I saw her, the more I felt it, but I was not surprised that the cord which bound her to earth so suddenly snapped.

It had become a joy for her to help people, because of what she believed it possible for them to become. Just as truly as any soldier ever laid down his life for his country, so truly has she laid down her life to save America. I suppose this entering into the sufferings of Christ is absolutely necessary to save a world. Now, she has entered into His glory. Oh, for her it is indeed *well*. Now she is glad of every cross borne here, and her face shines with celestial glory because of celestial insight.

(From a former parishioner to Mrs. Paddock's brother.)

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Your postal of September 30th, apprising us of the death of your dear sister, Mrs. Paddock, is received. We hardly know what to say or think ; it is all so sudden. Believe me, you all have our heartfelt sympathy in this your sad affliction. I know what I can say will only seem cold and formal ; but she was very dear to us here in Providence. Her life among us was very sweet, and she endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. It seems as if her lamp had gone out too soon. So it will seem to her dear friends in Providence, and many a tear will fall at the sad ending of so sweet a life.

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(From a friend to Mrs. Paddock's mother.)

WAUWATOSA, October 5, 1896.

MY DEAR MRS. DARROW :

When the sad news of your affliction came to me, my heart almost stood still ; every one was stunned. It has been impossible to keep you out of my mind, such sympathy do I feel for you in this great sorrow. We learned to love Eledice so much this summer. She was such a power for good in the families where she visited. More than once, I thought : " Well, *you* are a true missionary," for she would speak out with no uncertain sound when discussion might arise on some disputed question. She left an influence here this summer, the memory of which will ever be a beautiful aroma. The record of a lovely and devoted life is suddenly closed, but its influence will long abide.

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(From a friend in California.)

DEAR BROTHER PADDOCK :

The announcement of the death of your dear wife came as a shock to us, as to the other friends. We have always thought of her as strong and well, and so efficient in carrying forward the

work of the Master in the world. It seems a strange providence, indeed, that takes her from the family so dependent upon her, and from the work that needed her so much.

I write to assure you of our deep sympathy in your sorrow. There are no human words of comfort to speak. You have realized that, trying to comfort others. But the words you have spoken to others about a divine Comforter are still true. They are true for you in your hour of need.

We remember Mrs. Paddock as a brave, true servant of Jesus Christ, who was ready to go anywhere at His summons, and take up any work at His bidding. Surely she was ready to hear Him say: "Come up higher; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

It is not long before we shall hear the same summons. May we be as ready for it.

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(From a friend who worked by Mrs. Paddock's side in Idaho.)

DEAR MR. PADDOCK:

God only can touch and help a grief like yours. I write because I could not bear it, that among all the tributes which will come to you in memory of the one who has gone, there should be no word from me, for whom she did so much, and to whom she is dearer than to most.

I can not understand why that bright and beautiful life which is so needed here should be taken from us. But I know that heaven is the only setting perfect enough for that soul, and God wanted the jewel for Himself. I can not make it seem true that I shall not see her again in this world where I need her so much. She "gave her life for her friends" without thought of self, and her crown and her place in the Father's home will be such as are given to the saints of God.

God knows what I have lost in losing her. I had no better friend. Her love for me was always a marvel to me, and a joy too deep for words. She was always doing things for me, and the blessing and goodness which she brought to me will follow me and be a part of me forever. She loved, as few love, without thought of any return for her love and care. But I thank God

now that she knew that I loved her, though I never was able to do anything for her. She is one of the few who will never be forgotten by any whom her life has touched. She laid down her life for her friends, and they could not fail to know it; and her place can never be filled, either in the hearts of her friends or in the work in which she was engaged. God help us all.

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(From a friend who soon followed Mrs. Paddock to the Heavenly Home.)

MY DEAR STRICKEN BROTHER :

The envelope with your well-known writing upon it, which has this moment arrived, brings to us the first authentic information of your great loss. I noticed the briefly-written biography in *The Advance*, and spoke of it to the brethren here. It did not expressly say that the Mrs. Paddock who was taken was our dear friend from Weiser, and yet we feared the fact. I can not tell you how deeply we are all afflicted in your great sorrow. You have the sympathy of every official of this Society and of innumerable friends at the east. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Many possibilities have occurred to me in connection with our Idaho work, but the thought never came that the attached companion of our dearly-beloved missionary could so suddenly and unexpectedly be called away. The extracts from *The Signal*, which you so kindly send, express none too strongly the feeling of eastern friends who have met, even for a brief interview, the departed. I can not recall that I ever, excepting on the one occasion at Pueblo, had the pleasure of personally greeting Mrs. Paddock. I know how deeply I was impressed on that occasion with her character and ability—an impression which has deepened as I have heard from her, one way and another, at frequent intervals from that time to this. She was a noble woman, a consecrated disciple, useful and honored in her life, and she has gone to be with her Saviour. I can imagine how you are stunned by this calamity. However great our faith and hope at such seasons, the affliction must be for the time overwhelming. From our own personal experiences as a family, we are able, to some degree at least, to enter into your grief. May the Master—whom you love



and serve—console, strengthen and uphold you in this hour of your deep sorrow. If we can be of any service to you, or in any way can mitigate the pain of this bereavement, please let me know.

Sincerely yours in Christian affliction and sympathy,

WILLIAM KINCAID.

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(Read at a meeting of the Bureau Association, at Providence, Ill., where Mrs. Paddock began her work as a pastor's wife.)

It seems impossible to speak fittingly of Mrs. Paddock—and here! Could these walls speak, they would do her justice. She was a woman of gifts and culture, as well as of great spiritual power. It was an alabaster box which she broke upon the Master's feet. This house was filled with the odor of the ointment, and, as long as this church shall last, the work which this woman hath wrought shall be told here for a memorial of her.

It was my privilege to see her begin work here as a bride; to be associated with her in the formation of the Providence Mission Band, which her executive ability and devotion raised to the second place in the state; to be her guest repeatedly in the home which she made an earthly paradise, where every duty was glorified by the loving spirit in which it was done, and whence she reached out to sympathize with everyone in the parish, and to make "the world her parish."

I visited her in the home mission field at De Pue, and corresponded with her at Denver and Weiser. Perhaps her greatest gift was a marvelous power of sympathy, which I have never seen equaled. The work her friends were doing for Christ she seemed to make her own. This made her unspeakably dear to them. She was taken from us so suddenly that it seemed a translation. Like Moses, she went up into the mount to be with God. From the height of the Rocky Mountains she climbed to the hills of paradise.

Our love and grief can not be put into words. We can only look up the shining track, still radiant with her parting footsteps, and ask to be made meet for her inheritance, and to see her bring in her sheaves.



(Written for a Chicago paper by one of Mrs. Paddock's dearest schoolmates.)

Mrs. Eledice (Darrow) Paddock, one of the strongest, truest and bravest spirits, has left us for the better land. While still rejoicing in the fresh, sweet memory of a visit with our own beloved Eledice, and feeling strengthened, enriched and inspired thereby, as we ever do after being with the good and true, came the startling, crushing news that she had obeyed the call of the All-Father, given to the faithful, "Come up higher. Enter into the joy of the Lord." Mrs. Paddock belonged to Englewood. Came here when but fourteen years of age; attended the Cook County Normal School, graduating therefrom; also attended the Chicago University. Was a noble woman, a consistent Christian, being a member of the First Baptist church—first a scholar, then a teacher in the Sabbath school—all the years of her life in Englewood; was organist in the church for six years, always filling each place with exceptional cheerfulness and faithfulness. In our society was ever a great acquisition; in all musical circles a leader and an invaluable helper. While yet a young girl, her mother being quite an invalid, she assumed, in a great measure, the duties of mother, as well as sister and daughter, in wisdom and love guiding and shielding all in the home. After graduating she taught in Lombard, Illinois, then three years in Manitou, Colorado, carrying into her school work all her strong, womanly soul, making a most successful teacher. While teaching in the latter place, she met Mr. Edward Paddock, a Congregational minister of nobility of character, whom she afterward married. Their first pastorate was in Providence, Illinois; second in De Pue, Illinois; third in Denver, Colorado. They were most happy at Denver; but Mr. Paddock possessing, in a marked degree, a true missionary spirit, resolved to go to a newer field in Weiser, Idaho, where they organized and established a church, built a church building, clearing it entirely from debt. Unsatisfied with that, they must have an academy, that the young in that far new country could obtain higher education. They secured superior teachers, commenced the school, which is now gaining steadily; are erecting the academy buildings, working and hoping to complete them in the near future. Even while visiting this summer, Mrs. Pad-

dock lectured repeatedly to raise funds for their cherished work. What such an intelligent, accomplished wife has been to her missionary husband, in all his work, with her unbounded energy and courage, sound judgment, untiring zeal and most unusual ability, we can know from what she has ever been to mother, brothers and sisters—a tower of strength and courage. Indeed, her unselfish zeal carried her far beyond her strength, and we were continually pained when with her to see her so worn, but hoped that a year's rest, insisted upon by her family and physician, would entirely restore her to her former good health. It was not to be so. After leaving here, and visiting a short time in Denver, she went to her husband's friends in Leadville. There she caught a cold, and in her weak condition fell a much too easy victim to that dread disease, so generally fatal in the mountains, typhoid pneumonia, and, after an illness of a few days, closed her eyes as if to sleep. Yes, she was asleep in Jesus. Mr. Paddock, her sister and sister's husband were hastily summoned to the sad, sad spot. Her bereaved ones here felt that she must be brought to their home for burial, but Mr. Paddock told in his letter to Mrs. Darrow why he deemed it best to take her back to Idaho, where she had given so much of her life's strength. I will quote from his letter: "Eledice and I had fully determined to give ourselves to the establishing of a church and school in Weiser. Our home is there, and I feel confident that if the dear, silent lips could speak to me they would say, 'For my sake, carry on the work we have commenced, and let my body be near our happy home and you'." The poor mother's heart is torn and bleeding, although she knows her "jewel" is safe in the Lord's keeping.

Our deepest and tenderest sympathy is given to the stricken family, mother, husband, children, sisters and brothers, all. Mrs. Paddock's work is not yet done. Although in heaven, she yet speaketh upon earth. True, true it is, that "No life can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

L. Q.

In a notebook of Mrs. Paddock's was found the following little poem, which was perhaps the last thing she wrote in it, and so seems almost prophetic:

### **A Prophetic Quotation.**

- “Life—I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part ;  
And where or when or how we met,  
I own to me's a secret yet.
- “Life—we've been long together,  
In pleasant and in cloudy weather ;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
- “Then steal away and give little warning—  
Say not ‘Good night,’  
But in some brighter clime  
Bid me ‘Good morning’.”

“And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,  
Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from  
henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest  
from their labors ; and their works do follow them.”—  
Rev. 14: 13.





MRS. E. A. PADDOCK, 1885.





